Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced.
Mis: For. Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitty to part loue that is so true.
Mis: Page. Althogh that I haue missed in my intent
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. *Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hugh. Come M. *Page*, you must needs agree.
For. If faith sir come, you see your wife is pleased.
Pa. I cannot tell, and yet my hart's well eased,
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither Daughter,
Go too, you might haue staied for my good will,
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Hete take her *Fenton*, and both happy proue.
S. Hugh. I wil dance & eate plums at your wedding.
For: All parties pleased, now let's in to feast,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors iest.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now you shall keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with Mistris *Ford*.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

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